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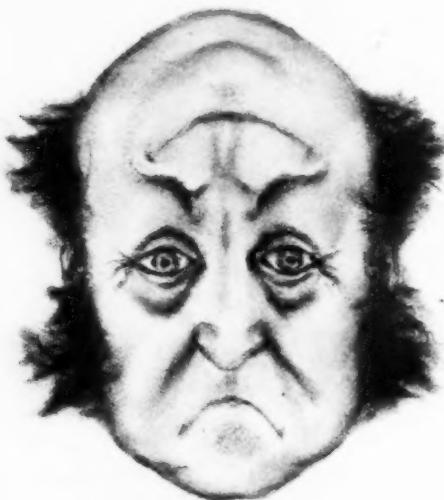


Air Castles

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The World Is Upside Down

AND all because the readers of LIFE are restricted to a few millions. For example, look at the unpleasant gentleman's picture above. Isn't he having a hard time of it? That was before he became a regular subscriber to LIFE, when he wasn't back to normalcy. Turn him upside down and you will see what happened to him when he began to read LIFE.



Special Offer

Enclosed find One
Dollar (Canadian
\$1.20, Foreign \$1.40).
Send LIFE for ten
weeks to

212

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed
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One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60.)

nt Sag

Life

Fragment

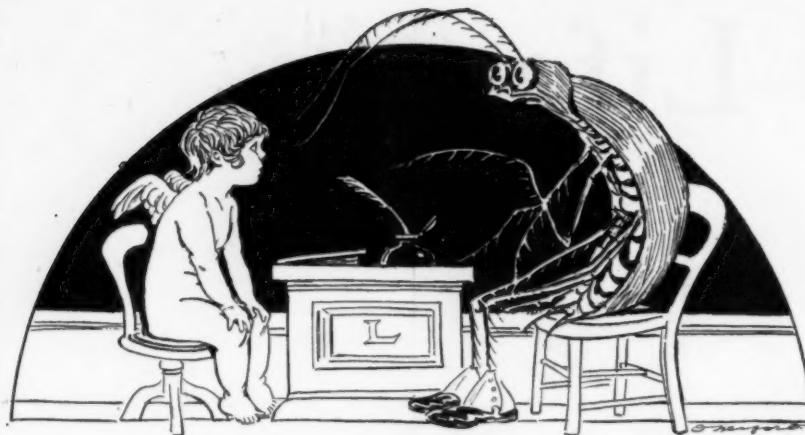
WHY should we set these hearts of ours above
The rest, and cramp them in possession's clutch?
Poor things, we gasp and strain to capture love,
And in our hands, it powders at our touch.
We turn the fragrant pages of the past,
Mournful with scent of passion's faded flow'rs,
On every one we read, "Love cannot last,"—
So how could ours?

It is the quest that thrills, and not the gain,
The mad pursuit, and not the cornering:
Love caught is but a drop of April rain,
But bloom upon the moth's translucent wing.
Why should you dare to hope that you and I
Could make love's fitful flash a lasting flame?
Still, if you think it's only fair to try—
Well, I am game.

Dorothy Parker.



Some of the essentials Willie wants to take on that week-end visit to Gran'ma.



Sanctum Talk

SAY, Boss."

"Great Cæsar's astral outfit, what is this I see before me? . . . Keep off! Who are you?"

"Don't you know me, LIFE? I'm archie."

"What! archie the cockroach? Don Marquis's archie of the New York Sun?"

"On my antennæ, yes! Dropped in to shake a couple of legs with you, and incidentally rest up. I've been traveling, LIFE."

"Traveling? I thought you were like Simeon Stylites, fastened to your own column for good."

"Nit nit! Why I eat up travel. Besides, one with an orthopterous artistic soul like mine learns after a while that the love of Munsey is the root of all journalistic evil; and so—"

"Where have you been?"

"Over to the Polyclinic Hospital; I'm all in, but here's a little song I sung,

i went out to meet all
the little polyclinics boss
and i said ill jazz
with you while the jazzings
good well say its a hospital
where the disabled soldiers
are looked after by the govt boss
you dont know but i do because
i went there happy and saying
to myself heres paradise for me
and it was hell believe me and—

"Look here, archie, what are you driving at?"

"Well, you see, Boss LIFE, it was this way. I thought I'd make a grand tour of all the government hospitals for disabled soldiers, and the first one I tried was the Polyclinic. So help me—"

"You do look tired, archie."

when you're winning the battle of the sink, but when it's over it's down the drainpipe for all of us."

"Well, archie, old blattoid, don't be discouraged. Everything's going to be all right. All the nice women who took such a keen interest in the war are coming back to look after the forgotten heroes; all the red tape will vanish; all the hospitals will be 100 per cent. clean; all the boys—"

"All right, boss, I'll take your word for it; now give us a chance, will you?"

"A chance for what, archie?"

"Let me lie down on my back on the edge of this pastepot with my legs in the air for a couple of days and recover from the Polyclinic. I'm disabled."

Raining

IT isn't raining rain to me,

It's raining muddy boots.

It isn't "raining daffodils"—

It's raining shrunken suits.

It's raining coughs and colds and croup—

My inmost being chills!

It isn't raining rain at all—

It's raining doctor's bills!

Rebecca Linley Fripp.



The Only Real Danger

Freddy: Ain't you afraid to smoke?

Tommy: Naw! I'm only afraid ter get caught smokin'.



"Foh de lan's sake, Pete, what yo' call dat rig?"
 "Dat's mah mule Tumult, an' dis heah is ma safety-first sulky."

Both Sides of the Footlights

Dorothy Parker

"—stifled, stifled, I tell you!—by this great palace of a house, and these presents he lavishes upon me. What does money mean? Better poverty, a thousand times, if one may keep one's dreams—"

"—one of the richest women on the American stage, they say. She made I don't know how much in Standard Oil. She has a beautiful place on Long Island, and another one over in—"

"—just a child when I married him. I lived in a world of bubble-tinted dreams. How was I to know what marriage would—"

"—had four husbands already, and I heard someone saying only the other day that just as soon as she gets this divorce, she is going to—"

"—if only there had been the patter of little feet about the house, somehow I think things might have been different. But since that was not to be—"

"—three grown children. They say her daughter is a perfectly lovely girl—she married an awfully nice fellow in the insurance business. Fred knows a man that knows him very well in a business way, and he says—"

"—sometimes I've even thought of ending it all, of giving my white body to the calm, soothing river. But something seemed to tell me that there must be some other way—I am so young, so beautiful—"

"—if she's a day. Why, I remember going to see her in 'The Two Orphans,' in the stock company back home, and that must be a good eighteen years ago. They say she just had her face lifted. My sister-in-law goes to the same masseuse that she does, and she told me for a positive fact that the masseuse told her that—"

"—oh, to be alone! To have the priceless boon of solitude! To live my

own life—to get away from them all—"

"—say she's awfully kind to her folks. She has her mother living with her, and a couple of old aunts, and her married son and his wife and their three little children, and—"

"—must go out into the great busy world, alone, to fulfill my destiny. Thank you, but I—I cannot—take your help—"

"—those pearls of hers are wonderful, aren't they? She has always been famous for her jewels. I don't like to repeat gossip—you know how I am that way—but it's common talk that they were given to her by—"

Why Endure?

"SHALL we go to the movies or the theatre?"

"Well, the theatre costs more, but one suffers less."

Life



Lines

DOES reciprocity with Canada mean that we will have to send back the bottles?

The United States is to have an airship built in Germany. A herrship, you might almost say.

"If Winter Comes" is doubtless the favorite novel of the senior class at the College of Mines.

What China is trying to avoid, it seems, is the Opium Door.

Reno, feeling that it is becoming too notorious, is anxious to change its name. Well, why not Sue City?

A Gordon label covers a multitude of gins.

Is it too late, we wonder, to wish the arms delegates a Yappy New Year?

A lot of European diplomats, it appears, still think that plebiscite is a new kind of tooth powder.

The French Government recently decorated Georges Carpentier, but not, as did M. Dempsey, on the point of the jaw.

Society Woman Owns 67 Brands of Perfume—*Headline*.

Her colognial possessions, as it were.

Now is the time for somebody to step up and invent a permanent shave.

From the way the corporations continue to behave, you'd think the only Sherman Act was marching to the sea.

"Divorces are practically unknown in Sweden."—*News Item*. Perfectly natural in the land of safety matches!

Motto for the street-car magnates—"The Public Be Jammed."

Prohibition has changed not only the Constitution, but also the country's buy-laws.

Congress might do well to consider reducing the tax on the average citizen's patience.

At a farm sale in Aberdeenshire a working horse was sold for half-a-crown.

Good opportunity for Richard III to have picked up a bargain.

In a dispute between Harding's Association of Nations and Wilson's League of Nations, just how much authority does Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis have?

The word "Bolsheviki," we are informed, means "much more." In our loose way of talking, however, it continues to denote "too much by half."

All union workingmen have a striking resemblance these days.

The British *Journal of Astrology* announces that "the year 1926 is destined to shake the world." We had hoped that the shimmy craze would have passed by then.

A pantomime actor may forget his lines, but he certainly has to know his business.

One of the results of Prohibition is that grapes are no longer made into wine. They simply dry up and become raisins.

"Viscount Lascelles," reads a dispatch from London, "personally selected the engagement ring for the Princess Mary." There is a rumor, also, that he himself, personally, will actually go to the wedding.

Announcement of the winner in the one-hundred-dollar Life Line contest will be made in the January 26th issue.



Local Gossip

GENERALLY speakin', things hev slowed up erround these parts. Quite a lot of folks hev been out of work, especially since the frost ketched the cranberry bogs last month. Lem Stone sed he was aimin' to start in pickin', but acourse he couldn't after the crop was spiled.

Yep, that throwed him out o' work, so' ef it hadn't a been fer a spell o' hives he'd been a-hevin' probably Lem would hev been numbered among the unemployed all the fall.

(To be continued)

The significant feature of an American banquet is the dry toast.

Ireland's heraldic insignia will bear the legend, "We, Plus Ulster."

When Mr. Hays gets through humanizing the post office, he might try the same thing on the mail-truck drivers.

Majorities mean nothing. During the flood only one man knew enough to get out of the rain.



To Margalo Gillmore
In "Alias Jimmy Valentine"

MISS Margalo, I trust that you will hear
Without offense
That I, although you know me not, still fear
Your influence;
The fact is, though (as stated) we've not met,
Whene'er I look
On you and Alias Jimmy I regret
I'm not a crook.

With your benign approval for my fee,
And nothing more,
My policy regarding safes would be
The open door,
And when, assisted by a cross-cut file,
I'd made a haul
Of rift-less loot, for your entrancing smile
I'd give it all.

George S. Chappell.



The Old Professor: Don't you think my right-hand neighbor is a moron?

"What is a moron?"

"Half a fool."

"I'd say it twice for him."

The Puppet Show

MILES upon miles and miles
Of steel and stone-work gray!
Soaring granite piles
Topping the roaring aisles!—
And this is Broadway!

Jostle of Gentile and Jew!
Trade!—a furious fray!
Hurry the long day through,
And night—what a carnival crew!
And this is Broadway!

Mimes!—behold them go!
Life's but a shifting play,
An endless to-and-fro,
A fleeting puppet-show—
And this is Broadway!

Clinton Scollard.

BENHAM: Do you think what Darwin says about our ancestors is true?

MRS. BENHAM: I think it is true about your ancestors.

Good Indians Who Are Not Dead

OUT in Washington on the bluffs of Yakima River are the painted rocks of the Yakima Indians. They are of basalt, worn smooth by wind and water, and on them are images of men, buffaloes and other creatures, and trees, with hieroglyphics of sign writing which the Indians think is of divine origin.

Would you believe it, advertising artists lately smeared a cigarette sign across those rocks! The Indians got after them, but they got out of the country alive; but the Indians went back and washed the sign off with turpentine. It was the advertising artists' plan to have it lighted by electricity.

A number of things need doing in these times and a number need undoing. A lot of the outdoor advertising needs very badly to be undone. The National Association of Gardeners is one concern that thinks so.

Epigrammatic

WOMEN do none of the philosophizing, and have all the philosophy.

* * *

Success is a form of nervousness.

* * *

I do not believe in doing, for pleasure, things I do not like to do.

* * *

The wicked of one generation set the morals for the next.

* * *

Intellectuals should never marry; they won't enjoy it; besides, they should not reproduce themselves.

* * *

Dark circles under the eyes are not made with a compass.

* * *

I take no stock in epigrams, because I have made 'em.

Don Herold.

Heads, You Lose

Rollin Kirby

MAY I explain, *avant tout*, as they say in the Ruhr Valley, that I am called an artist by profession. There are those who would dispute that assertion with their last breath; but you know how some people are—anything to get a little cheap notoriety. Well, orders are not always as numerous as either my wife or myself could wish, and occasionally I do things (unsigned) that, so to speak, are—well for advertising purposes. Some time ago an agency sent for me and proposed that I execute a series of types of smokers who were to be smoking the Bul-bul Turkish Cigarette and in each case to be "registering" a peace and contentment that suggested that the Bul-bul was composed mostly of hasheesh. I set to work and turned out three. Rather hopefully I took them into the agency. The heads of the several departments gathered in judgment. I will say this for them, that they were exceedingly polite—I liked them. But—

"This man," said Mr. Beecraft, indicating one of my efforts, "is fine, only he is not the sort of a man you would ask to dine." I thought of Orville Pusley, who came from my home town in Vermont and who had drifted into my studio one day last month. I had taken him to dinner and Orville had his neck shaved and wore an Elk's tooth. "And this one," went on Mr. Beecraft, peering over his shell-rimmed glasses, "would you be likely to meet him at your country club?" That was a facer—I had no country club. I hurriedly tried to remember someone I had seen last fall when I played around at Knollwood with an opulent friend. I suddenly recalled one—the little fat man clad in his underwear in the locker-room drinking a highball. He was not at all Bul-bulish. I have forgotten what the circumstances were under which I should have refused to meet the third character—oh, yes, "This is hardly the kind of a man you would care to have your sister dance with."

They were three social lepers. I agreed to work them over. I visualized quiet dinners at home with the Bul-bul guest, easy and nonchalant, dreamily blowing clouds of hasheesh toward the ceiling. I put myself on the veranda of the country club house and made myself a part of the hauteur of

the knickerbockered gentry who lay in wicker chairs and expelled the smoke of Bul-buls from their lungs. Then I returned to Mr. Beecraft and the "conference." They were very nice, only the "man you wouldn't ask to dinner" had become "not quite manly—you know, the virility and the sense of having lived in the open" had disappeared in the working-over process. The golf hound had changed, unhappily, into "a chap who might go to the races—a little too sporty." The man my sister was saved from had—but you know as well as I what plenty of money will do for a young man in a big city.

The indecent way in which that "conference" exposed my own mind as reflected by the characters I had drawn was shocking. Freud never did a tidier job. I changed them again, and then the débâcle. In the end I had produced (a) "a man whose employees would not respect him"; (b) "a man who would not have any men friends"; and (c) "a man who, if not actually bad, showed signs of a moral break-up." "My dear," I said to my wife, "I've an awful mind, I'm full of depravity. I didn't know it, but it's true. I've got the cheap-skate complex. And, worse than that, you don't get that squirrel collar."



Overheard at the Modiste's

Mrs. B.: Which do you like best?
Mr. B.: Oh! give me the tall blonde—that is, I mean to say the lavender silk every time.



Customer: Even though you've shaved off your mustache and have on a false wig, I recognize you as the barkeeper who used to mix my cocktails before Ryan's place was closed up!

Soda Clerk: Sh-h-h! You're right, sir; but promise me if you see any of the old gang you won't tell them the disgrace I've fallen into.

The Brain That Did It

HE entered the broker's office, a smartly dressed, alert, bright-eyed young man, and produced a perfectly good century note. "Buy me ten Bingo preferred at the market!" he said, and laid down his margin.

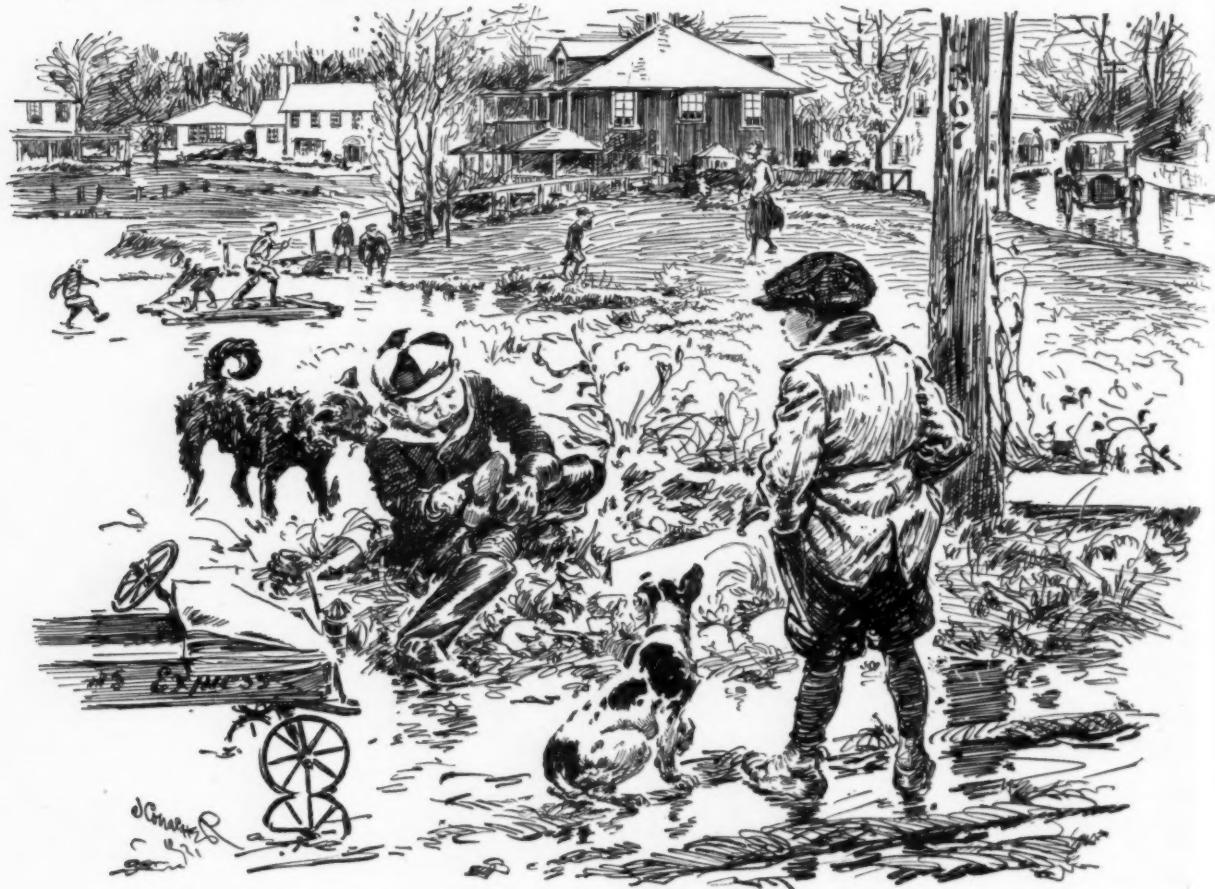
Bingo had been sluggish all day, but it soon took a favorable turn. So did the whole market. The young man soon had enough profit to margin another ten. The upward climb continued. The young man did some fancy pyramiding. At the end of three days he had, with the soaring bull market, cleaned up five thousand dollars, and stocks were still going up by leaps and bounds.

Everyone else in the room had been jumping in and selling short, then covering at a loss, then jumping in at a higher figure and selling at a loss again. They were afraid to buy, thinking each new quotation was the top. The smartly dressed young man was the only winner in a room full of old margin traders.

It was at this point that two keepers came quietly into the room and took the young man away. They explained that he had escaped from the asylum three days previous, and that they had been searching for him ever since.

W. S.

THE gentleman in the subway train is always recognized by his get-up.



Those New Rubber Boots

"What's th' matter, Jimmy?"

"Darned if I know whether it's a pungcher er a blow-out."

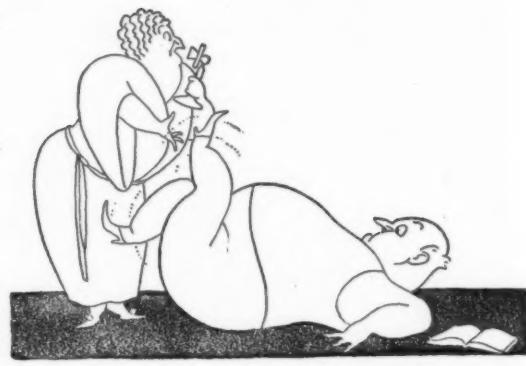


"Believe me! This is the last time I'll lead this pack of cowards!"

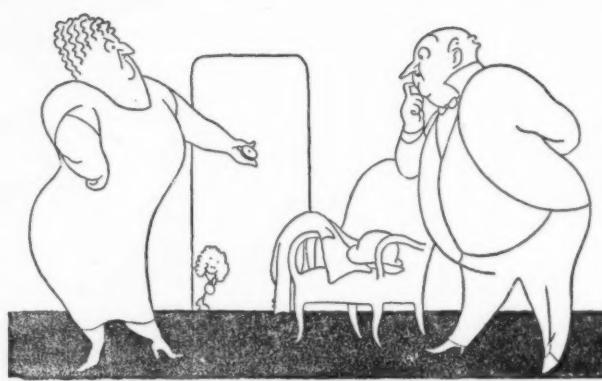
Girth Control



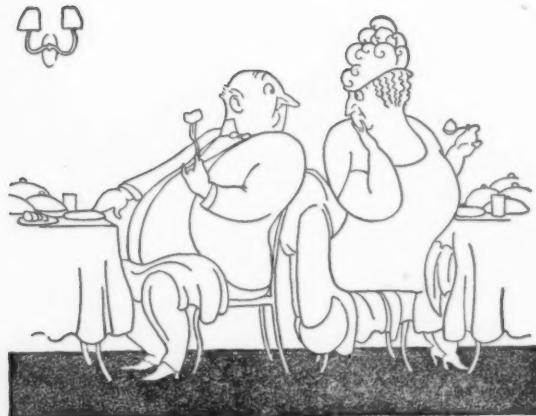
1. Just as the newspapers were full of anti-fat campaigns and so on, the Fairlambs made the harrowing discovery that they and their spats were no longer on meeting terms. With cold weather coming on, obviously something must be done about it. After serious deliberation they decided to join the girth control movement, and purchased a complete set of instructions for home calisthenics



2. The instructions, however, were inadequate. Mr. Fairlamb lay on his back and raised himself twelve times by the nape of the neck, but was then unable to find any directions for getting on his feet again. Fortunately, the janitor had a rope and pulley handy, but the Fairlambs felt that it would be something of an imposition to go on with the calisthenics, and so they decided to go in for walking instead



3. Knowing each other's distaste for that pastime they agreed to carry pedometers,—just so there wouldn't be any cheating. At the end of two weeks, Mr. Fairlamb's record suddenly leaped to 89. He had been making his office boy wear it. To-day the boy, in waggish mood, had jiggled it up and down to the astounding total. Mr. F.'s domestic position would have been far more critical if at that moment the poodle had not capered in with his mistress's pedometer still hanging about its neck



4. The Fairlambs then decided that the most sensible thing to do would be to diet. This time they would really see the thing through, and Mr. F. was actually jovial over his modest dinner of oyster broth with two slices of rusk (no butter). He would usually start for the office right after dinner to clean up some work, and Mrs. F. usually found some meeting to take her out. The dénouement occurred at a nearby restaurant on the twenty-third day of their diet



5. It was in this crisis of their affairs that Mr. Fairlamb had his brilliant idea. After all, he observed to Mrs. F., they had no objection to being fat; the only thing they minded was not being able to get their spats on in cold weather. He is really a rather clever man in his way, as his wife is fond of saying, and with a pencil and paper he had the whole thing figured out in ten minutes, working plans and all. The Fairlambs are happy once more

More Opera Synopses

Robert C. Benchley

Die Meister-Genossenschaft

*Scene: The Forests of Germany.
Time: Antiquity.*

CAST

STRUDEL, God of Rain.....Basso
SCHMALZ, God of Slight Drizzle. Tenor
IMMERGLÜCK, Goddess of the Six
Primary Colors.....Soprano
LUDWIG DAS EIWEISS, the Knight
of the Iron Duck.....Baritone
THE WOODPECKERSoprano

Argument

The basis of "Die Meister-Genossenschaft" is an old legend of Germany which tells how the Whale got his Stomach.

ACT I

The Rhine at Low Tide Just Below Welschnoffen.—Immerglück has grown weary of always sitting on the same rock with the same fishes swimming by every day, and sends for Schwül to suggest something to do. Schwül asks her how she would like to have pass before her all the wonders of the world fashioned by the hand of man. She says, rotten. He then sug-

gests that Ringblattz, son of Pflucht, be made to appear before her and fight a mortal combat with the Iron Duck. This pleases Immerglück and she summons to her the four dwarfs: Hot Water, Cold Water, Cool and Cloudy. She bids them bring Ringblattz to her. They refuse, because Pflucht has at one time rescued them from being buried alive by acorns, and, in a rage, Immerglück strikes them all dead with a thunderbolt.

ACT 2

A Mountain Pass.—Repenting of her deed, Immerglück has sought advice of the giants, Offen and Besitz, and they tell her that she must procure the magic zither which confers upon its owner the power to go to sleep while apparently carrying on a conversation. This magic zither has been hidden for three hundred centuries in an old bureau drawer, guarded by the Iron Duck, and, although many have attempted to rescue it, all have died of a strange ailment just as success was within their grasp.

But Immerglück calls to her side Dampfboot, the tinsmith of the gods, and bids him make for her a tarnhelm or invisible cap which will enable her

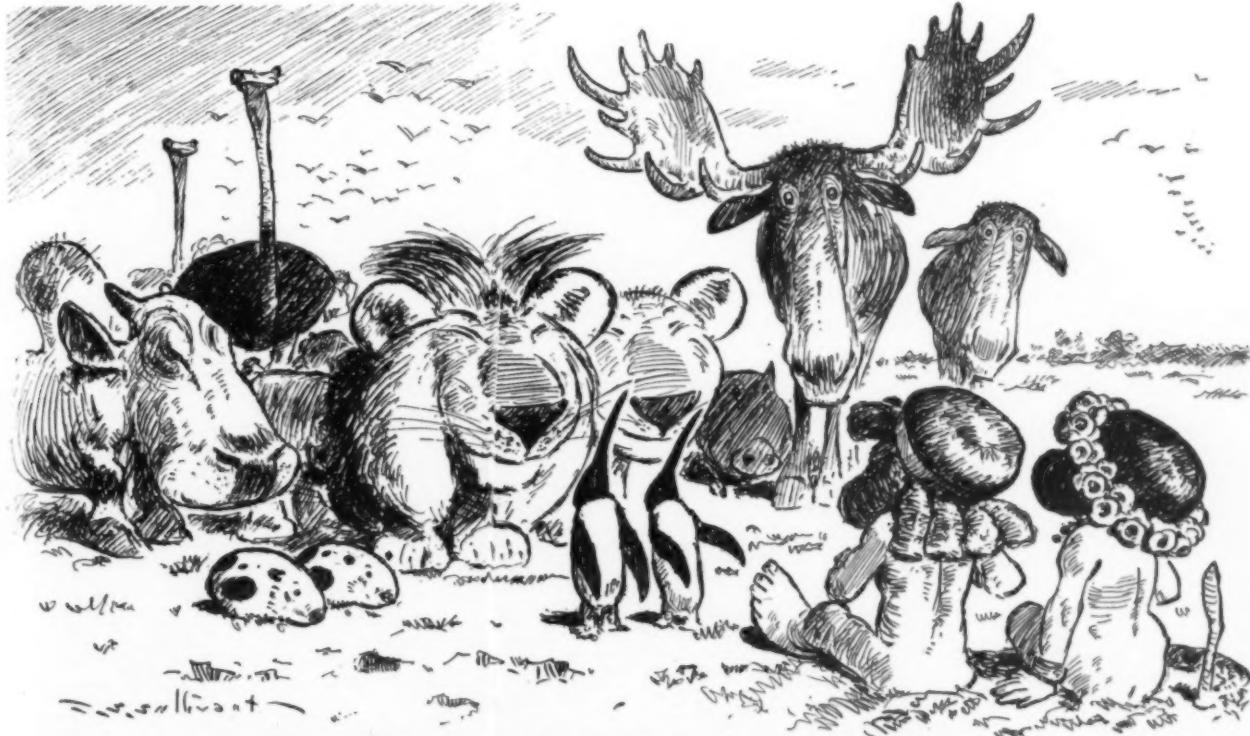
to talk to people without their understanding a word she says. For a dollar and a half extra Dampfboot throws in a magic ring which renders its wearer insensible. Thus armed, Immerglück starts out for Walhalla, humming to herself.

ACT 3

The Forest Before the Iron Duck's Bureau Drawer.—Merglitz, who has up till this time held his peace, now descends from a balloon and demands the release of Betty. It has been the will of Wotan that Merglitz and Betty should meet on earth and hate each other like poison, but Zweiback, the druggist of the gods, has disobeyed and concocted a love-potion which has rendered the young couple very unpleasant company. Wotan, enraged, destroys them with a protracted heat spell.

Encouraged by this sudden turn of affairs, Immerglück comes to earth in a boat drawn by four white Holsteins, and, seated alone on a rock, remembers aloud to herself the days when she was a girl. Pilgrims from Augenblick, on their way to worship at the shrine of

(Continued on page 32)



Adam: Thinking up names for all these confounded animals is some job.

Eve: It wouldn't be so bad if we had a telephone directory or something to refer to.



Shimmying for Chamois in the Pyrenees

A RECENT writer in *L'Illustration* has done us all a great service by calling attention to the noble sport of chamois-hunting in the Pyrenees. The advantages of this sport over all others are not generally appreciated. While the loss of life is considerable, more different muscles are undoubtedly brought into play than in any other pastime. For instance, in the act of playing golf it is estimated that, in walking from the first tee to the second, over three hundred muscles are used, but this is simply nothing at all to chamois-hunting. To keep from falling off one of the Pyrenees while bringing down a chamois, over three thousand muscles are employed constantly, and, indeed, a couple of muscles more or less may actually determine whether you get the chamois or whether you drop some thousands of feet into the beautiful valley of Gorgonzola, where your dying moments may be lighted up by a glorious vista such as you have never dreamed of before. And if you linger on until the late afternoon, no pen can describe the glory of the sunset that you may be fortunate enough to witness.

Once arrived at the Pyrenees, the expense is inconsiderable. You need only a pair of stout golf shoes—the stouter the better—a carbine of six-millimetre calibre and a set of binoculars. It is best to catch one chamois as soon as possible, as by doing this you can use a part of his skin to keep your binoculars clean; otherwise, if there is a tiny spot on the lens, you may think it is a chamois when it really isn't at all. With one chamois on hand for emergencies, you are then ready for more extensive operations.

The chamois has a natural dread, amounting to a ruling passion, of being bored by strangers, and you must therefore employ great tact in approaching him. Even at a distance where he would not be able to hear you without leaning well forward and holding up both ears, do not in any circumstances open up the conversation by referring to the late League of Nations, the *ad valorem* duty on union suits schedule K F O B Gorgonzola, or the reasons why Bernard Shaw will not visit America. It is far better to maintain a discreet silence, letting the chamois himself do all the talking. If he has been up late the night

before and his rest has been broken by the restless glaciers barking the trees on their downward flight, he will suspect that you are drawing near even before you can see him yourself. Then nothing on your part but invincible determination

and your highest rate of speed will enable you to get near enough to him to finish him off. In leaping from crag to crag, you should utterly forget yourself, for the slightest hesitancy on your part may give him such a start that you will lose him. If you should succeed in avoiding all the loose boulders at first, you will gradually acquire a sort of instinct, so that it will be second nature for you to land only on those points of rock that are firm. The fierce joy of nimble chamois hunter in being able to do this right along without any break must be experienced to be fully understood. It frequently compensates for the loss of a chamois or a leg.

Some hunters add to their equipment a portable surgical outfit and a working set of splints, so that if they break a leg or so, they can do their setting on the spot. If one survives the first few expeditions, one rises above these refinements. No genuine chamois sportsman would ever be able to look a chamois in the face if he had a life-saving kit concealed anywhere about his person.

T. L. M.

He Bought

THE prospective customer had grown tired of the continual bombardment of letters from a concern with whom he never expected to trade. After receiving the fiftieth letter in two months, he wrote a letter expressing in definite language his opinion of a firm that would waste a dollar in postage on an individual who was only bored by its letters. He received the following answer: "Dear Sir: We have turned your letter over to our follow-up man. We figure that one order from you would net us a hundred dollars' profit and that a dollar or two in postage being at the most only two per cent. expense on the returns is wisely expended. We hope you will read carefully and note the contents of the next fifty letters."

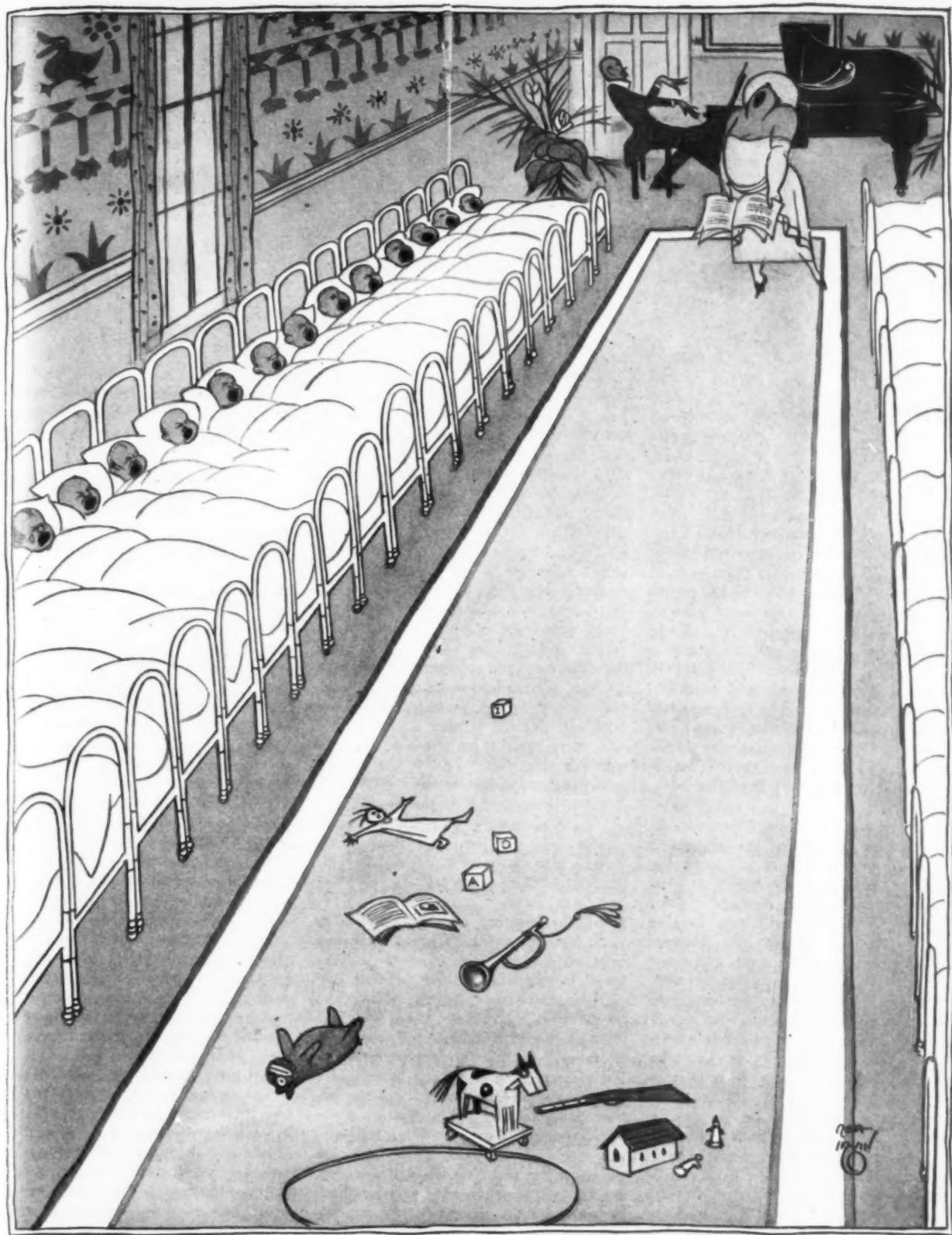
AFTER all, conceit isn't such a widespread vice. It is conspicuous in only two sexes of the human race.



"To Keep From Falling Off"



"The Loss of Life Is—"



The Community Spirit

Madame Diablo, the coloratura soprano, sings the community babies to sleep



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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598 Madison Avenue, New York

To any old friend of Colonel Watterson who starts to write anything about him, the thought must come, "How much better he could have done it for me than I can for him!" And why? Of course, because he had all the talents and a delightful way with words; but mostly because of his great gift of affection. That seemed to be the greatest thing about him. He could give so much to so many people. His nature with all its fervencies, its immense vivacity, its command of all kinds of language, was so sweet, and so child-like. When he seemed to be giving out heat, the chances were that it was light, for he was very luminous, very affectionate, quite religious, very constant to the old realities—to love, to faith, to honor.

Some of the papers have been saying that he was the last of the old guard of editors and that there will never be another. Life, and the habits of men and newspapers, have changed. They think a Watterson will not develop again. Oh well, perhaps not, because nature is prodigal of patterns, and never duplicates anything. But whenever anything like Marse Henry is born into the world, the chances are that it will be heard from somehow and somewhere. Lights like his do not stay under bushels. He might have been various things—a musician, a novelist, a statesman. As it happened, he became an editorial writer and politician, but the very rare qualities that were in him would have come through in any calling and brought music and light and entertainment to the world.

He lived his life well through to past four-score. Sometimes, no doubt, he was on the wrong side, but on the whole, considering his immense activi-

ties and the unceasing volume of discourse that he poured out over long years—his struggles in politics, his clashes with innumerable people—how little there is to regret in all his career! The reason for that is that always he was true to himself, and, so being, was true to a nature that was kind, sweet, generous and honest.

He had a great gift of praise and never hesitated to use it; gifts also of dissent, remonstrance and execration, and he was just as ready with them. He could agree; he could also differ with fervor and glowing words. He could describe, he could recount and he could gossip. He made quantities of delightful reading, and it poured along like a bubbling stream, turning a wheel here and there, getting to the sea, but not into any reservoir. That is the way of newspaper writing. It does its job as it goes along, but it is not stored.



At the meeting of the Dail before Christmas, Miss Mary MacSwiney opposed the acceptance of the agreement in three hours of fervent discourse, which was largely railing and vituperation. Evidently there is a good deal of discipline ahead for our Irish brethren, no matter what happens. Three hours is a long time to sit under comminatory exhortation. Nevertheless, on the whole and in the main, the Irish prospect is happy. What has been accomplished towards Irish independence in the last five years is very remarkable, and whatever one may think of some of the processes, the accomplishment is good. The discussion in the Dail, as reported, was very interesting indeed, especially the conclusion of some sturdy opponents of the agree-

ment that on the whole it should be accepted. So it seems to most outsiders, who believe that it gives to Ireland all that Ireland needs to go on with.



No one need expect any relocation of human affairs to be completed at this time. Everything is in flux. The world is like a picture puzzle that has not been put together. A piece here and a piece there seems completed, but the picture will not be understood until in due time the pieces are all assembled. Oaths of allegiance are likely to diminish in importance, and the spirit of co-operation to increase. Compulsion of all sorts seems to be on the wane, and intelligent forbearance and association to be on the rise. All the states of Europe, new and old, have got to work together if Europe is to be pulled out of the morass of rivalries and conflicts in which it is mired. Ireland is by way now of finding her true place in the world, and of doing to the full her part.

A traveller newly back from a long visit to Europe, in the course of which he went into many countries and talked with high officers of many governments, makes report that the common people of most of Europe are better off than they have been for thirty years. A good many governments he found to be in straits, but not the people who work with their hands. In Germany, in France, in some of the southwestern countries, he thought that they were getting more for their work and were living better and having more fun than they did before the war. In Germany every one was busy. In France there was a great deal doing, though not so much as in Germany. In England there was unemployment, as we know. English



Children!

The children of Russia are looking to you for help

labor cannot compete with German labor at present rates, wages and hours, and efficiency and German labor get the business. For Germany, the low value of the mark works as a sort of protective system. It keeps foreign goods out because few people in Germany can afford to buy them and pay for them in depreciated marks. Accordingly, German manufacturers like the mark as it is, just as French manufacturers probably like the franc as it is. If your currency is so depreciated that buyers cannot import goods, you have a ready-made protection and no bother about tariff or custom-houses.

If this description of improvement in the condition of European workers is objectionable to any reader, he can buy a handful of newspapers and satisfy himself that it is untrue. Nothing, apparently, can be said about anything that is going on in Europe—any action, any nation, any condition, which cannot be convincingly denied. In a handful of newspapers, misinformation

about the details of Europe's condition is supplied in quantities to meet any demand. When you talk to someone who has actually been there, you get first-hand impressions, and if you know your man you think they are sincere impressions, but that is the best you can do.



SOMEBODY has noticed that the city is crowded, particularly with vehicles, and there is a plan afoot to bring relief to it. One need not read it in detail because it won't be carried out, but it seems an entirely preposterous plan. It proposes stopping a lot of surface street car lines running north and south, in order that motor cars may get about more conveniently, and one suggestion in it is to hollow out a huge cavern under Central Park for people to park their cars in.

Gracious, what a proposal! Pres-

ently our governors and proposers will discover that there are too many automobiles in this town. Of course, that is the trouble with the streets; that, and the impossible habit that people have of parking cars anywhere and going off and leaving them. Even the smallest automobile is a pretty big thing and will obstruct traffic whenever it stands still. The cure is to do away with a lot of them, to forbid parking altogether in New York as a public nuisance in cities like this, though tolerable and doubtless convenient in villages. Perhaps the real cure would be to forbid private motor cars altogether and allow nothing but taxicabs, busses, delivery wagons and trucks; but that might be too drastic. A motor car, of course, is a handy thing, but when the cars begin to crowd the people out of New York, it is time to do something.

But we don't want horses back. They would be a worse nuisance than motor-cars.

E. S. Martin.



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Her Mother

LIFE



er M Mother



Can Sex Things Be?

THE earnest-minded backers of Cosmo Hamilton's new play, "Danger," considered the following the most valuable line in the newspaper reviews for quotation in their advertisement:

"The sexiest of all the sex plays of the season."—*World*. Just to irritate Mr. Hamilton and his producer, it might be said that the play is by way of being one of the cleanest little dramas ever written by anyone outside Rachel Crothers' Girls' Friendly Society. If it is sexy, it is because the nudgers in the audience make it so. And there will probably be enough energy spent in nudging at a matinee of "Danger" to raise and lower the curtain of the Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre six times,—with no curtain calls.

But Mr. Hamilton, aside from his somewhat pathological premise, has filled his play with sentiments which any reader of the editorials on the woman's page can tell you are essential to the encouragement of proud babies and bouncing mothers. Each character is an editorial. The cold, ambitious woman who doesn't want babies, the soft-voiced woman who does, with the duped husband of the first woman ending up in congenial anticipation with the second woman. And it is hardly necessary to add that in the final act, the inevitable Tiny Garments are discovered in the sewing basket. The perplexing feature of this big scene is the question which arises at once to the mind of an experienced parent—"Just what domestic needle-work would be necessary in advance on a baby's shirt?" Perhaps name tags had to be sewn on.

No higher praise could be bestowed on H. B. Warner than to say that he makes the leading rôle in "Danger" almost plausible.



IN "The Dover Road" Mr. Milne comes nearer being what we have a right to expect of him than in any play of his that has been presented in this country. Like all the rest of them it stretches rather thin in spots, but its humor is less conventional than that of "Mr. Pim," while between it and "The Great Broxopp" you could drive a team of horses and still have room for the City of London in the intervening space.

The first act, in particular, with its well-sustained air of mystery and the graceful acting of Charles Cherry, is a delight, although it is in the second that Reginald Mason and Lyonel Watts have their opportunity to make the thing even more hilarious, and Miss Winifred Lenihan to prove that she knows how to be a worthy Milne heroine. George Riddell is excellent in all three acts. Oh, and there is the scene in the third act in which Molly Pearson reads aloud from Gibbon which calls for several salvos. In short, "The

Dover Road" is very nice indeed, and it is to be hoped that the intelligent company who play it will be occupied thus for some time to come.



ABOUT twelve hundred of the closely typewritten pages of talk in "The Married Woman" are good. The other eight hundred pages ought to be cut. We have no objection at all to talky plays when the author has something to say, and Mr. Fernald certainly had a great deal on his mind when he sat down to write this one. The only trouble is that he wrote it some ten years ago, and, in the meantime, several other people have said the same thing at almost equally great length. In addition, the main thesis of Mr. Fernald's work has been dynamited.

The heroine is troubled about the endings of novels. "Why," she is constantly asking, "do they always end just as the people get married, presumably to live happily ever after? Why are we never allowed to see further?"

This, of course, is like asking why women always wear bustles. The answer is, "They don't." The novel of to-day begins at what used to be the happy ending, with the hero and heroine newly married, and goes on to show how terribly unhappy and uncongenial their middle-age turns out to be. No young girl of to-day need send for a man-of-the-world to tell her that romantic love is a lot of bunk, as Norman Trevor tells the heroine of "The Married Woman." She can get the information out of the Free Public Library.

At that, however, "The Married Woman" is worth more than most.



MR. ZIEGFELD has announced that, owing to the inroads of the Actors' Equity Association on his producing prerogatives, he will, as soon as his present contracts expire in 1924, throw his Follies costumes into a hand-bag and go to London for good. His wife, Miss Billie Burke, will accompany him, leaving the American stage flat.

It will be remembered that last Spring Mr. Ziegfeld announced that, owing to Prohibition, he would discontinue his Midnight Frolic. Articles were written in the newspapers on "The Passing of a New York Institution" and no less than twelve hundred columns of publicity in all were gleaned from the announcement, making the re-opening of the Frolic a few months later all the more interesting.

Seats are now on sale for the Ziegfeld Follies of 1925.
Robert C. Benchley.

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Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Anna Christie (Vanderbilt)—A Eugene O'Neill play of the sea given added importance by the acting of Pauline Lord.

The Bat (Morosco)—Fortunately, there seems to be no end to the criminal capacity of the hero of this melodrama.

A Bill of Divorcement (Times Square)—A problem play of considerable power, effectively done.

Bulldog Drummond (Knickerbocker)—To be reviewed next week.

The Claw (Broadhurst)—Lionel Barrymore in a much quieter mood lending force to a French play of moral disintegration.

Danger (Thirty-Ninth St.)—Reviewed in this issue.

The Dream Maker (Empire)—A thriller for William Gillette's personal use.

The Idle Inn (Plymouth)—Ben-Ami in a rather rambling peasant play which doesn't give him much chance to distinguish himself.

The Squaw Man (Astor)—To be reviewed next week.

Trilby (National) To be reviewed next week.

The Varying Shore (Hudson)—Elsie Ferguson in a life of very refined shame.

The White Peacock (Comedy)—To be reviewed next week.

Comedy and Things Like That

Alias Jimmy Valentine (Gaiety)—Otto Kruger as the cracksmen who fortunately came back.

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (Ritz)—Ina Claire in a solution of the bed shortage.

Captain Applejack (Cort)—To be reviewed next week.

The Circle (Fulton)—John Drew and Mrs. Leslie Carter in a play that you will like if you don't like Rachel Crothers.

The Demi-Virgin (Eltinge)—The jury has decided that this show is not obscene, which is certainly a dirty crack at the author.

The Dover Road (Bijou)—Reviewed in this issue.

Dulcy (Frazee)—Lynn Fontanne as the delightful lady nit-wit who tries to help her husband.

The First Year (Little)—This play could run forever and keep on amusing people. It looks now as if it might.

The Grand Duke (Lyceum)—Lionel Atwill delivering bon mots which have, with considerable difficulty, been translated from the French.

The Intimate Strangers (Henry Miller)—An amusingly unimportant thing by Booth Tarkington, with Billie Burke as the star.

Just Married (Nora Bayes)—Stateroom farce with the customary honeymoon jokes made unusually funny at times.

Kiki (Belasco)—Lenore Ulric giving one of the outstanding performances of the season in a sketch of Parisian theatre-life.

Lawful Larceny (Republic)—To be reviewed next week.

The Married Woman (Princess)—Reviewed in this issue.

The Mountain Man (Maxine Elliott's)—For the first hour as nice a little play as you would care to see.

Nature's Nobleman (Forty-Eighth St.)—Business can't be very poor in a season which supports this opus.

Six-Cylinder Love (Sam H. Harris)—A highly entertaining fight between Ernest Truex, June Walker and an automobile.

Thank You (Longacre)—More pay for preachers is the aim of this play but, in spite of having an aim, it is a good show.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Bombo (Jolson's Fifty-Ninth St.)—Al Jolson overcoming the handicap of a great big show.

Blossom Time (Ambassador)—Franz Schubert's melodies adapted without offense and made into a charming score.

The Chocolate Soldier (Century)—You either like it or you don't. You ought to know by now.

Get Together (Hippodrome)—A big show for a small price.

Greenwich Village Follies (Shubert)—A beau-

tiful spectacle with some comedy ranging from Irene Franklin down.

Good Morning, Dearie (Globe)—Very good, if you can get in.

The Music Box (Music Box)—William Collier, Sam Bernard and a whole lot of other excellent headliners in the most expensive but best revue in town.

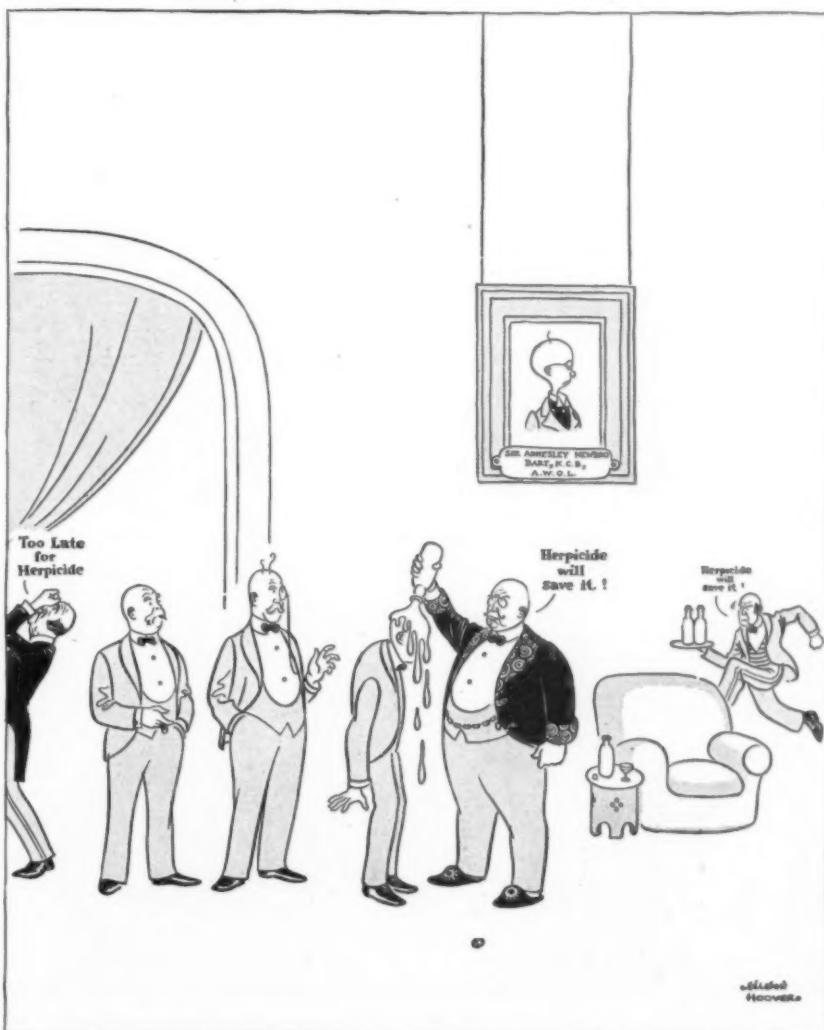
The O'Brien Girl (Liberty)—Dainty and tuneful.

The Perfect Fool (George M. Cohan's)—Ed Wynn in a dozen different suits, each time funnier than before.

Sally (New Amsterdam)—Leon Errol and Marilynn Miller are in it. Hadn't you heard?

Tangerine (Casino)—Six lumps of Julia Sanderson, with music.

The Wild Cat (Park)—Spanish opera reeking with local color and singing.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY

No. 19. A few old classmates drop in on Mr. Newbro

Now We Know It All

AN epigrammatist once wrote: "Clever women hide what they know; clever men hide what they don't know." How true it is. How wise is our epigrammatist to observe and remark on this! Now then: it is equally true that clever women hide what they don't know; and clever men hide what they know. No one can deny this, wherefore we are forced to the logical conclusion that clever women hide what they know and what they don't know, and clever men hide what they know and what they don't know, and so we see that clever people hide everything! This being thus, and as clever people, being clever, must do their hiding thoroughly and successfully, how can we know they are clever people? May it not well be that people whom we consider dull and stupid are merely clever people busily doing their hiding?

At any rate, this revelation of the hiding process clearly explains why we never, knowingly, meet any clever people.

The Market

MALE and Female stocks were under some pressure to-day. Bachelors Preferred were in great demand by the feminine traders. Manicures 1st Pref. were closely held with few transactions. Some embarrassment is reported of certain interests who have been plunging heavily in Chorus Girl Cumulative, and who have been caught short. Honeymoon Debentures are rather weak, reflecting still greater weakness in Baby Bonds. The new issue of Alimony Income Notes has been heavily oversubscribed by feminine traders. Gas Common is expected to be freely taken shortly after the New Year. A sinking fund applicable to the retirement of United Navy is rumored. Submarine is under heavy pressure. We recommend a flier in Aeroplane, which is due for a rise. Amalgamated Tea was very weak at the closing. We advise our clients to hold their Subway Strap Common and National Homebrew.

Big Game Hunting in the United States

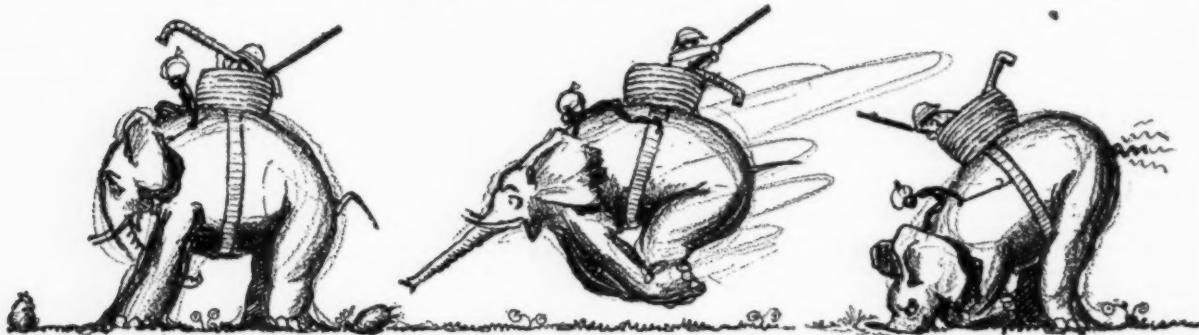
A Woodchuck Shikari

At the Royal Bengal Bicycle Club, Bengal, India, Major Tryad, veteran *Shikari*, was speaking of his latest tiger. "Do you have big game hunting in the States?" he asked me.

"We have our woodchucks," said I.

"Ah, yes—woodchucks," said the Major. "You hunt them on elephant-back?"

"Trained elephant-back," I affirmed. "Very delicate hunting. I particularly recall going out early one morning with little Lic-o-rice, my *mahout*. We set forth on Josie, my favorite woodchucking elephant. As dawn lifted . . .



Josie was suddenly face to face with a huge bull woodchuck. My Zeiss-Tessar periscope confirmed her discovery. . . .

Ten miles across country of the roughest going, my sagacious Josie hotly pursued the nimble-footed animal. . . .

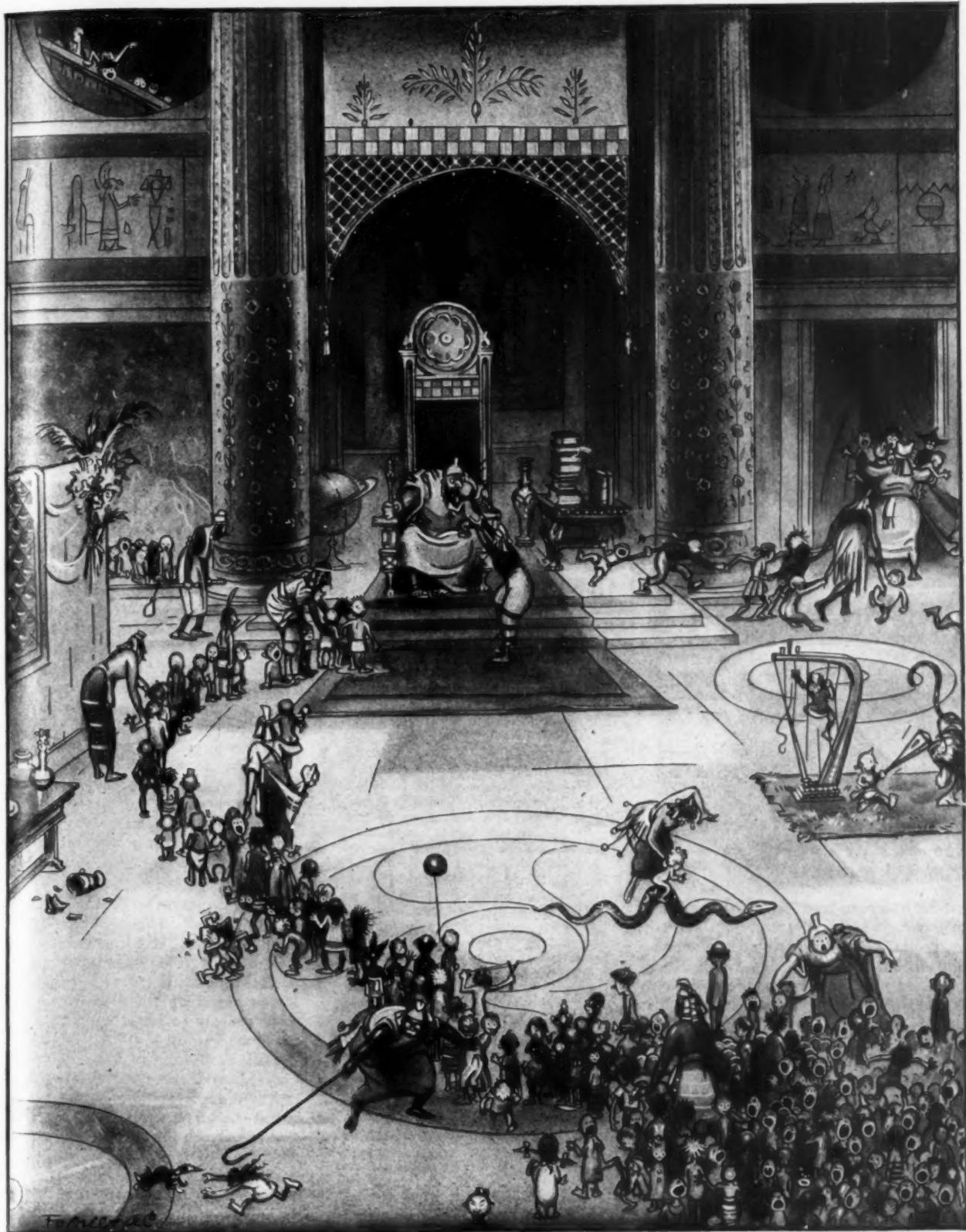
Pop! He went into his den. Brave Josie plunged her indestructible trunk in after him, eager to drag him forth. . . .



She did, and raised him high over her head on a perfect line with my eight-bore automatic. I bagged him (no mean shot). . . .

The woodchuck was promptly attached to the howdah. The sun being well up, we soon sighted another. A snort of excitement, and Josie was off again. . . .

It was a perfect day. Sundown saw twelve woodchucks festooning the pavilion. I must show you the photographs I took, Major."



IN KING SOLOMON'S COURT
Kissing papa good night



Let There Be Light Reading!

AS exclusively predicted in these columns some time ago, the modest wave of humorous books which followed in the wake of the realistic novels has risen steadily until it now begins to assume the proportions of a young deluge. Which is eminently satisfactory to the gentle (in some respects) reader, who is tired of looking at the fungi on the rotten side of the tree, and is desperately anxious to find someone who will be able to make him laugh.

We have had occasion, already, to comment on the well-deserved popularity of "Of All Things!" (Holt), by Robert C. Benchley; "If I May" (Dutton), by A. A. Milne, and "And Even Now" (Dutton), by Max Beerbohm. And we are pleased to add, herewith, four more names to the roll of humor.

* * *

HEYWOOD BROUN — reviewer, critic, essayist, *diseur*, professional Harvard man, and still more professional parent—has collected an assortment of his writings into a volume entitled "Seeing Things at Night" (Harcourt, Brace).

Mr. Broun can be profound, clever, philosophical and funny, by turns; and it is sometimes difficult for one to know just when he is going to shift his mood, or why. His change of pace is confusing. He adopts the professorial pose, and rambles along in learned style, until he has tricked even the most astute observer into believing that he has embarked upon a truly lofty discussion. But then, with no particular warning, a sinister gleam will appear in his left eye, and the astute observer is suddenly tripped up by a rather bad pun.

This, of course, indicates a considerable versatility on Mr. Broun's part, and versatility is an excellent thing, if kept in its place. But Mr. Broun overdoes it on occasion. He is like the bearded lady in the side show who became so exceedingly stout that she found she could double as the fat lady, and thus have two freaks where only one grew before. The experiment was not a success, and the public began to lose interest in her. The sale of postcards dropped out of sight. Finally the manager came up to her and said,

Fiction

Ben Thorpe, by Arthur Crabb (The Century Company). It is hard to understand the charm of this plotless story, which has for its theme the character of a young Harvard man who hates women. Yet the charm is there.

Inez and Trilby May, by Sewell Ford (Harper & Brothers). A very diverting tale of the adventures of two Western girls in New York in search of an uncle. Light, clean humor.

Roads Going South, by Robert L. Duffus (The Macmillan Company). Personally, we prefer a story like this to the more sensational blood and thunder stuff which all great men are supposed to devour. It is interesting and well done.

Others

The Sense of Humor, by Max Eastman (Charles Scribner's Sons). Everything that Mr. Eastman does in a literary way is well done. In this book he follows the impulse of Cicero, Schopenhauer and Bergson in their desire to inform us why we laugh at jokes. Now somebody should write a book telling us why we don't laugh at jokes, and then we would know it all.

Woodrow Wilson As I Know Him, by Joseph P. Tumulty (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Most of this book has already been published in the New York Times, and has excited either the derision or the passionate fealty of various readers. We think somewhat better of it than is recorded by its admirers and somewhat worse than is recorded by many of its critics. It is a good illustration of the great truth that the more you think you know about a man who is close to you the less you do know.

Herman Melville, by Raymond M. Weaver (George H. Doran Co.). A notable and extremely diverting book about a great sailor and a remarkable writer of sea stories.

Westward Hoboes, by Winifred Hawkridge Dixon (Charles Scribner's Sons). An illustrated book of frontier motoring—rather a unique book of travel, extremely interesting.

Romain Rolland, by Stefan Zweig (Thomas Seltzer). This book is a notable addition to the list of distinguished biographies of distinguished men.

"See here, Min, you ain't getting away with this combination fat and bearded lady act. The hicks don't get you. You're too much of a good thing. So I give you fair warning, if you want to stay with this circus, you've got to either diet or shave."

The best things in "Seeing Things at Night" are the longer articles which were apparently written for magazines rather than newspapers. "The Fifty-first Dragon," "Death Says It Isn't So," "A Robe for the King" and "Inasmuch" reveal the fact that Mr. Broun can be fanciful and imaginative when he has time to think it over.

* * *

CLARENCE DAY, JR., who, between books, is a book reviewer, has published another collection of his essays which is even better than his last volume, "This Simian World." It is called "The Crow's Nest" (Knopf).

Mr. Day is not nearly so droll as Mr. Broun, nor does he possess the subcutaneous depths; but he is more even. His writings are better balanced, and they contain a sharper sting. When Mr. Broun hits, he always wears an eight-ounce glove. Mr. Day makes no such concession to his target. There is even a suggestion that he has secreted a pin somewhere about his fist.

The text of "The Crow's Nest" is not enhanced, in my opinion, by Mr. Day's illustrations.

* * *

A PARODY OUTLINE OF HIS TORY (Doran), by Donald Ogden Stewart, is unfortunate only in its title. It is a superlatively funny book, including in its range every well-known form of wit from broad slapstick comedy to bitter irony; but it is not good parody.

The talent for parody is highly specialized, and exceedingly rare. It requires the genius of a literary caricaturist, combined with a keen perception and an overwhelming sense of restraint. Very few writers possess this combination. In England there is, of course, Max Beerbohm, whose "A Christmas Garland" is a perfect model for every parodist. There are also J. C. Squire, A. P. Herbert, and "Evoe" of *Punch*. The only Americans who can be com-

(Continued on page 31)

"Mutt and Jeff"

LIFE published in its issue of November 24th a page entitled "Parley Correspondence" which was intended to be, and actually was, a burlesque of our newspapers in their treatment of the Conference at Washington. At the bottom of this page was a series of drawings, "When is a conference not a conference?" in which Mr. Bud Fisher's well-known "Mutt and Jeff" were caricatured and made to do things about the Conference as they might have done them at the bidding of their master. LIFE assumed at the time that to portray Mr. Mutt and Mr. Jeff in this friendly manner would help the cause of peace—and we hope it did. Nothing could have been further from LIFE's intention than to trespass on Mr. Fisher's rights, and LIFE is sorry to have thus inadvertently used his characters without his permission. Everybody in America owes Mr. Fisher a debt for having created "Mutt and Jeff."

Incidentally, we learn from the daily newspapers that the United States Supreme Court has recently confirmed Mr. Fisher's ownership of "Mutt and Jeff."

SOME people never associate with their inferiors because they can't find any.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

In Their United States

In nineteen seventy-five
Crowds swarmed like bees 'round a hive
To see in a tent
An American gent—
The very last Yankee alive!



The Able Salesman: Looka here, m'frien', I wanna tellya this is tha
swellest polish—
Grocer: Try some of it on yourself.

Turn About Is Fair Play

IN accordance with the hush law, the New York State Department of Education has issued an order directing principals of schools to report on all teachers under them, whether they are rated of highest morality and patriotism or not.

The Teachers' Union objects, which is not surprising.

But why not also ask the teachers to report on the principals? Wouldn't that ease matters?

Good Business Head

"JACK, dear, we've \$2,000 in the bank now."

"Hooray!"

"And—er—we're the only ones in the neighborhood who haven't a car."

"Well, my dear, we've something that most of them haven't."

"What's that?"

"The price of one!"

GILLET: Is there such a thing as eternal love?

PERRY: Ask the man who's stuck on himself.

THE SILENT DRAMA

Fool's Paradise

LEONARD MERRICK'S story, "Laurels and the Lady," has been mutilated, deformed, truncated, disfigured and beaten to a pulp. In other words, it has been made into a motion picture by Cecil B. DeMille.

Mr. DeMille has been growing weird-er and weirder and more and more absurd with each successive production. But "Fool's Paradise" is the farthest point south. Beyond this, progress is impossible.

To say that it is an insult to the intelligence is to accord it undue praise. It is offensive to the eye, to the aesthetic sense and, frequently, to the digestive organs. It is not only a gross distortion of art, but it is utterly lacking in entertainment value. A sordid, distasteful theme is dragged through several amazingly improbable situations, is forced to digress from its apparent objective and then is cast into a Siamese crocodile pit to provide fodder for the ravenous reptiles who are already masticating the last remnants of Leonard Merrick.

Against the unpleasant background of the DeMille production, the acting of Dorothy Dalton stands out in sharp relief. (And what a relief it is!) She contributes to a silly rôle a passionate fire that is intensely real. Conrad Nagel, Theodore Kosloff and John Davidson also manage to rise above their surroundings.

Miss Lulu Bett

JUST at the moment when it seemed that the editor of this department was to be ostracized socially by the DeMille clan, along comes the film version of "Miss Lulu Bett" (which was produced by Brother William) and saves the situation in conclusive style.

For "Miss Lulu Bett" is an altogether admirable piece of work. In adapting Zona Gale's novel to the screen, Mr. DeMille has shown a vast amount of good taste, and, more than that, of good sense. He has pictured

the pathetic *Lulu* as she was pictured by Miss Gale, and has not seen fit to show her in a previous incarnation as a kerosene-soaked martyr in the days when Nero originated that joke about making light of sacred subjects.

He is ably aided by Lois Wilson, who, after the first reel or so, achieves a perfect conception of Miss Gale's unhappy heroine. At the start Miss Wilson rather overdoes the Sis Hopkins make-up, but this fault vanishes after her marriage to *Ninian Deacon*—who, by the way, is splendidly portrayed by Clarence Burton.

The cast, the mise en scène, and Clara Beranger's scenario are all good. In short, "Miss Lulu Bett" is everything that "Fool's Paradise" isn't—a sane, intelligent and interesting picture. DeMille, W., may paste a gold star on his report card, and go out to recess early.

Fannie Hurst's Play

SPEAKING of citations, Miss Fannie Hurst deserves a testimonial banquet, at least, from the Authors' League for her courage in standing up and denouncing the "tawdry" screen version of her novel, "Star-Dust," of which Hope Hampton is the star and also the dust.

Stick to it, Miss Hurst, is the advice of this department.

A Man's Home

AHUSBAND who lives in Toledo and makes a Bible of his checkbook; a wife who yearns for the mad joys of Atlantic City; an innocent, trusting daughter; the i. t. d.'s fiancé, who has previously had an affair with a scarlet adventuress; the adventuress herself; and the adventuress's pseudo-brother, who is in reality her partner in crime.

These are the ingredients which are mixed together to make the picture, "A Man's Home," and they provide very conventional fare. There is never any doubt of what it is going to taste like, from the first mouthful on.

Nevertheless, "A Man's Home" is so well directed by Ralph Ince, and so well acted in almost every part, that one can afford to overlook the obviousness of its plot.

Boomerang Bill

IN "Boomerang Bill," Lionel Barrymore finds a rôle that he can get his teeth into. It is that of a Clark Street crook who comes to New York from Chicago, saves a girl from the attentions of a robust wop, and then proceeds to fall in love with her. Of course she has a sick mother who needs the country air, of course *Bill* resolves to pull "just one more" hold-up and thus get the necessary funds, and of course his last trick ends disastrously.

The story is told in rather unusual form—as a narrative by a kindly detective who is anxious to give an object lesson to a potentially wayward youth. Thanks to Mr. Barrymore, and to the quality of suspense in the plot, "Boomerang Bill" is vitally dramatic throughout.

There is a Chinese girl in the picture, who grows up during the course of the story, and undergoes some rather confusing changes of nationality. At the age of two, she is played by a Jewish baby; at the age of eight, by a little Italian girl; and at the age of sixteen, by a Japanese. (These figures are approximate.)

Just One More Correction

IN reviewing the Danish production of "Hamlet," I confessed that I was disconcerted at the spectacle of *Horatio* with a German police dog. The statement was based on the assumption that the police dog is a new breed, and has only been developed during the past hundred years. The assumption was wrong, as it turns out, and hereafter I shall limit my remarks to criticisms of the actors' histrionic abilities, and refrain from comments on their choice of pets.

Robert E. Sherwood.
(Recent Developments will be found on page 27)





Every main street and by-way is now a hosiery exposition. Exposiery! More than ever before your stockings must withstand the double test of (1) elegance and (2) durability. The remarkable advancements which have been made in Phoenix structural and dyeing processes have more than kept pace with the demands of fashion and the needs of economy. And they have put Phoenix first in world sales, by giving it long mileage and low cost—for all the family.

PHOENIX HOSEIERY





Succinct Criticism

The drama of treachery sentiment had at long last reached its too inevitable happy ending. It concluded thus, in the hearing of those at the back of the stalls:

HERO (*ecstatically*): My Emily!

HEROINE (*ditto*): My Jim!

EXASPERATED PLAYGOER: My hat!!

(Curtain.)

—London Morning Post.

The Calmness of Despair

WIFE (*to husband*): Alfred, now the cook is leaving!

HUSBAND: Well, we simply have to find another.

"Can't. We've had all there are."

—Karikaturen (Christiania).

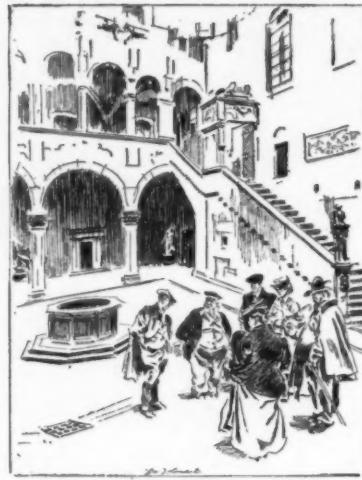
You Know 'Em Like That

CYNICAL DOCTOR (*to chronic complainer*): Well, how are you feeling to-day? Is there anything that doesn't hurt you?

—Nashville Tennessean.

"I HEAR he drinks something awful."

"Yeah, I tasted it." —Princeton Tiger.



ANTEDATED

Guide: This courtyard is a thousand years old.

Tourist: But the castle is only eight hundred.

Guide: Well, the yard was here before that, wasn't it?

—Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich).

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Hard to Imagine

That all people do not have the same slant on humor is illustrated in the following story:

One of the wealthiest men in Youngstown recently said to a friend:

"I had a funny dream last night."

"What was it all about?" the friend encouraged.

"I dreamed I got into a little Ford that climbed up a telephone pole, turned a somersault on the wires, and then slid down another pole."

"Well, that certainly was some dream."

"Yes," the rich man exclaimed. "Imagine me in a Ford."

—Youngstown Telegram.

Privilege Denied

A Bradstreet man was taking a Smith Center man's financial statement the other day, says the Pioneer, and the inquirer asked, "Owe any at the banks?" "No, dammit, they won't let me!" replied the local man, fiercely.

—Kansas Notes, Kansas City Star.

A Heart of Stone

DISILLUSIONED WIFE (*to friend*): Husbands! What wretches they are!! I brought mine a dowry of five hundred a year—well, my dear, he absolutely refuses to get me a thousand-dollar gown!

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

Shawknit
TRADE-MARK

HOSEY
for MEN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THEY say a man of forty is set in his habits. If true, isn't it reasonable to assume that forty years of making fine hosiery for men precludes our making it otherwise?

SHAW STOCKING CO.
Lowell, Mass.

THE HOLLENDEN
CLEVELAND

A Woman's Business

J A Woman's Business today is no different from a man's. Women are the sales representatives of great enterprises. They are choosing their hotel with the business man's discriminating regard for service and convenience, and in Cleveland they are choosing The Hollenden

RATES
Single . \$3.00 to \$6.00
Double \$5.00 to \$7.00
Twin Beds \$6.00 to \$8.00


THE SILENT DRAMA
 Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24.)

DON'T TELL EVERYTHING (*Paramount*)—Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter in a pseudo-satiric comedy about sex and allied subjects.

R. S. V. P. (*First National*)—Charles Ray is way off form.

JUDGMENT (*World*)—A foreign production with a fine dramatic punch. The scenes are laid in England at the time when Bloody Mary was wielding a mean axe.

FOOTFALLS (*Fox*)—An uninspired interpretation of a grimly dramatic story.

MY BOY (*First National*)—Little Jackie Coogan duplicates the astounding performance that he made in "The Kid." Everyone should see this picture, and should bring his children and his grandparents along.

GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD (*Paramount*)—The devious practices of two benevolent crooks who find it difficult to avoid honesty. There are some very funny sub-titles.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA (*Fox*)—Extensive views of King Solomon's Court, the Syrian Desert and Betty Blythe.

THE OLD NEST (*Goldwyn*)—Rupert Hughes pulls out the tremolo stop and almost wrecks the organ.

A PRINCE THERE WAS (*Paramount*)—Thomas Meighan, assisted by an unusually talented little girl, provides some pleasing entertainment in an inconsequentially sentimental picture.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND (*Wid Gunning*)—It seems that this is not a Swedish production, after all, but a Danish one. This detail, however, does not affect the fine quality of its acting, or the weakness of its plot structure.

THE SHEIK (*Paramount*)—A good Western melodrama, with all the cowboys dressed up as Arabs.

THE LOTUS EATER (*First National*)—John Barrymore lends his profile and his reputation to a weird fantasy which is good, but which might be better.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS (*United Artists*)—Marvelous!

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK—"The Little Minister," "Rent Free," "Pardon my French" and three Pola Negri pictures.



Who's Who?

NERVOUS AMERICANS

By Paul von Boeckmann

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, and Nerve Culture

We are the most "high strung" people on Earth. The average American is a bundle of nerves, ever ready to spring into action, mentally and physically. The restless energy of Americans is proverbial.

We may well be proud of our alert, active, and sensitive nerves, as they indicate the highest state of civilization, courage, ambition, and force of character, but this high nerve tension has not been without its grave dangers and serious consequences. Neurologists agree that we are more subject to nervous disorders than any other nation. Our "Mile a Minute Life" is tearing our nerves to shreds and we are deteriorating into a nation of Neurasthenics.

Since the Nervous System generates the mysterious power we term Nerve Force, that controls and gives life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ, every drop of blood and cell of the body, nerve exhaustion necessarily must result in a long train of ailments and weaknesses.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased. In nearly every case it is Nerve exhaustion—Lack of Nerve Force.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves—how to relax, calm, and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve and culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 265, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after applying the advice given in this book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein.

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before, I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

Post Office Gallantry

PRETTY GIRL: Any letters for me?
YOUNG CLERK: No, Miss.
PRETTY GIRL: I am surprised.
YOUNG CLERK (gallantly): So am I!
—*Town Topics (London)*.



"To make twenty millions by profiteering is a low trick on your country; but when you declare it all honestly in your income tax—that's a low trick on your family."

—*Simplicissimus (Munich)*.

LIFE .



The Dog Was Tired

The late General Lawton never wearied of repeating the following story, which, he said, illustrated the irrepressible good humor of the negro soldier:

The night of the El Caney affair, when my division was marching back to El Paso to take up a new position the next morning, I was sitting at the side of the road with Major Creighton Webb, inspector general of my staff and one of the pluckiest men I ever knew. The men were filing past and we watched them. They were tired out, but full of ginger. The day was just beginning to dawn, when we heard someone coming down the road talking at the top of his voice. He talked and laughed and talked, and the men with him were chattering and joking.

"Here come the negro soldiers," said Webb, and sure enough the Twenty-fifth Infantry came along. The man who was doing the talking was a six-foot corporal. He carried two guns and two cartridge belts loaded full, and the man to whom the extra gun belonged was limping along beside him. The tall corporal was weighted down with his blanket, and haversack, but in his arms he carried a dog, the mascot of his company.

"Here, corporal," said Webb, "didn't you march all last night?"

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, trying to salute.

"And didn't you fight all day?"

"Yes, sir."

"And haven't you been marching ever since ten o'clock to-night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then," shouted Webb, "what in thunder are you carrying that dog for?"

"Why, boss, the dog's tired," was the reply.

Webb just rolled over in the dirt and laughed and cried like a boy.

—*Milwaukee Journal*.

The Modern School

Conversation actually heard at a little girl's tea-party. Edburgha: "There's a new baby coming to Joan's house." Doris: "How lovely for Joan!" Edburgha: "Yes, it's all arranged. The person that finds the babies is there, and Joan saw her looking under the bushes in the garden." Doris: "It's high time we had a new one! Our old baby's nearly three; he's awfully big and breaks things, and won't be cuddled or 'dressed up.'" Edburgha: "Those old, old babies are no good."

—*London Morning Post*.

Multiplicity

Inspired by the arresting cable to the effect that a single—or, rather, one—fly produces 3,985,969,387,755,100 descendants, the assistant managing editor, who has his serious side, sings the following:

ODE TO A FLY

O little fly, ere long you'll be
At least 3,985,969,387,755,103.

—*New York Tribune*.

"You don't like Jenks, do you?"

"Like him? I'd rather not see him than any man I know of."

—*Nashville Tennessean*.

OUR only regret is that we have but sixty-six ships to sink for our country.

—*St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette*.

Private Stocks

last twice as long and taste much better when blended with this delightful drink.

For cocktails—superb!

"Original Recipes" our new booklet that tells how—sent free for your Dealer's name.



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Local Distributors Desired

Poole Among the Peers

The interesting lecture on the dignity of tailoring delivered in London the other day recalls a famous story.

It is said Poole of Saville Row frequently placed his riverside villa at the disposal of the late King Edward when Prince of Wales to view the boat race. His Royal Highness in return invited Poole to spend a week-end at Sandringham. As he was leaving on the Monday morning the genial Lord Suffield expressed the hope that he had enjoyed himself and had liked his fellow guests. "Well, m'lord," said Poole, "if you want to know, I thought the company was rather mixed." "My dear Poole," said Suffield, "they can't all be tailors." —*Manchester Guardian*.

In That Sense Only

"Is your boy well behaved?"

"Generally."

"What do you mean by 'generally'?"

"Not particularly."

—*Boston Transcript*.

Sure Relief



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FOR INDIGESTION

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20 Lot's Laugh. Nasby.	73 Whitman's Poems.	123 Vegetarianism. Debate.	222 The Vampire and Other Poems. Rudyard Kipling.	
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40 House and the Brain. Bulwer Lytton.	93 How to Live 100 Years. Carnaro.	151 Man Who Would Be King. Kipling.		
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More than 6,000,000 of these books have been sold, indicating the popularity of the library. Get your selections before this ten-cent price is withdrawn. Remember the sale closes at midnight March 30. If your order is post marked later than that hour, we reserve the right to fill at 25c per book or return it. Take no chances—send it NOW. We prepay postage on cash orders. Carriage charges collect on C. O. D. orders.

E. H. Julius, Pres., Appeal Publishing Company, 2016 Appeal Bldg., Girard, Kansas

A warning -bleeding gums

ARE your gums tender? Do they bleed when brushed? If so—watch out for Pyorrhea.

This disease of the gums, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, not only destroys the teeth, but often wrecks the health.

In Pyorrhea the gums become spongy, then recede; the teeth decay, loosen and fall out—or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about them. These germs lower the body's vitality and cause many diseases.

You can keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums prevents Pyorrhea—or checks its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

Start using it today. If your gums have receded, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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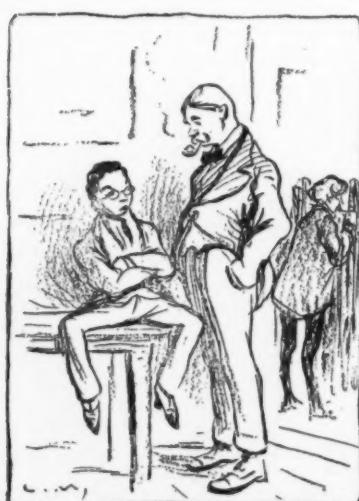
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FOR THE GUMS



BETWEEN ACTS: WASHINGTON
The Jap: France still insists upon her "security."

The Britisher: Yes; and what does she mean by not being an island?
—*Le Rire (Paris)*

Help The Russian Children

(See Mr. Walker's cartoon on the editorial page of this number of LIFE.)

IN these days so many appeals for help come to us from so many quarters, that it is not only hard to keep them separated, but it is hard to distinguish the most pressing from the least pressing, the genuine from the doubtful.

No people are more disposed to give than the American people, out of what they have. Our impulses are generous. But we have been surfeited with calls, and we are all intensely busy.

Perhaps it will help those who are ready to give, to know that LIFE, having a bird's-eye view of the whole world situation, believes that, all things considered, the starving children of Russia should come first. They need us most of all. They are dying by thousands for want of food. Think of it. One hundred dollars will save one hundred lives for a month.

This whole business of American Relief is under Mr. Hoover's charge. Not only does every dollar go to the starving people of Russia (the expenses having all been underwritten), but owing to the large quantities of food sent, more food for a dollar is distributed to these children there than can be bought in New York. When you make out your check it is precisely as if you stood at the miserable cot-sides of those starving children and gave them back their lives.

Now the work of this Russian Relief in the field is actually under the charge of Colonel Haskell, Mr. Hoover's representative. And working under Colonel Haskell are the Quakers who are now feeding 50,000 people in Russia. What the Quakers are doing and what that noble woman, Miss Annie Hines, is doing—all this is a wonderful story by itself. But what are you now going to do? The best thing for you to do is to write out the largest check you can and send it at once to

Charles H. Sabin, Treasurer
Russian Famine Fund Committee
15 Park Row, New York City

Confidences

The following scrap of conversation was overheard in a London motor-bus, and deeply impressed those fortunate enough to catch the words. Said one fair passenger to another: "Between you and me, I don't seem to like your husband so much as I did." "And between you and me," said the other, "neither do I."

—*London Morning Post.*

OLD LADY: Are you lost, little girl?
SMALL CHILD: Oh, no, thanks, but mother is.—*Bystander (London).*

Will Your Marriage Be a Failure?

The man who marries a good, pure woman, knowing that he is not physically fit, commits the worst crime known to civilization. Where do you stand? Are you fit to marry? Some sweet, innocent girl is trusting in your honor. You must not deceive her. You dare not marry until you are physically fit. The way looks hopeless to you but cheer up—I can help you.

STRONGFORTISM—The Modern Science of Health Promotion will aid Nature in restoring your Flagging Powers and Manhood and Fit you for Marriage and Parenthood, I guarantee it.

Mention the ailments on which you want special confidential information and send with 10c to help pay postage, etc., on my free book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." It's a man-builder and life-saver. Send for it Right Now.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
Dept 618 Newark, New Jersey

Food Glories

AS one walks in the streets, particularly in those streets that attract grocers and market-men, one gradually realizes that there are a lot of new shops in them. Very glorious new food shops have broken out—brilliant in their displays of fruit, preserved things and wares of the sort that have been known as delicatessen.

There have always been delicatessen shops and there have always been grocers and fruiterers, but these new ones appeal to the eye in a fashion that is new. It dawns on the intelligence gradually that the saloons are gone and that the decorative talent that used to assist the dispensing of drinks is now behind the distribution of food. These food shops, candy stores and the innumerable eating places are the successors of the saloons.

The eating in New York must be pretty good. It always had attention, and now, besides that, it gets all that drink had. Concentration of so much talent cannot but bring results.

When They Got Worked Up

CHILE: I hear Colgate and Williams had a swimming meet.

BEAN: Yes; there was so much foam in the water they had to call it off.

—*Brown Jug.*

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Watch
Everlasting

Guaranteed
for
Generations

Let There Be Light

(Continued from page 22)

pared to them are Franklin P. Adams and our own Mr. Benchley.

Mr. Stewart's method, in "A Parody Outline of History," is to describe various historical events in the manner of several of our most representative native authors. In only two cases—the parodies of William Lyon Phelps and Edith Wharton—does he achieve anything more than broad burlesque. The weakest parody in the book ("The Whiskey Rebellion—in the bedtime story manner of Thornton W. Burgess") is also the funniest. In fact, it is sufficient, in itself, to establish Mr. Stewart as a humorist of the first water (although what "the first water" is, or why it should be used in this connection, is and always has been an utter mystery to this reviewer).

* * *

To people who read *Punch*, H. M. Bateman needs no introduction. Others who have not that delightful privilege should make his acquaintance at once. Fortunately, the opportunity is at hand, for Holt has published a collection of his sketches under the startlingly original title, "A Book of Drawings."

Mr. Bateman is unquestionably the most comic of all the comic artists now operating in England, or anywhere else, for that matter. His drawings are so eloquent that they rarely require any supplementary words. They are arranged in series, and generally start with some trivial incident, which develops along dramatic lines, and culminates in a terrific tragedy.

"A Book of Drawings" will provide a pleasant tonic for those who are growing a bit weary of Mutt and Jeff, Bringing Up Father and Cicero Sapp.

Robert E. Sherwood.

After Due Thought

PROFESSOR: Now name some of the Californian industries.

STUDENT (movie-hound): Why, er—bathing, sir!

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

The Philosopher utters *The Magic Phrase*,
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Books Received

Missing Links and Other Things, by Thos. F. McCarthy (Journal Publishing Co.).

The Greatest American: Alexander Hamilton, by Arthur Hendrick Vandenburg (Putnam).

America and the Balance Sheet of Europe, by John F. Bass and Harold G. Moulton (Ronald Press).

A Daughter of the Middle Border, by Hamlin Garland (Macmillan).

Herman Melville, by Raymond M. Weaver (Doran).

A Fortnight in Naples, by André Maurel (Putnam).

"Punch" Drawings, by F. H. Townsend (Frederick A. Stokes).

Famous Colonial Houses, by Paul M. Hollister (David McKay).

Jade and Other Stories, by Hugh Wiley (Alfredred A. Knopf).

Poems, by Arthur S. Bourinot (T. H. Best Printing Co.).

My Dear Wells, by Henry Arthur Jones (Dutton).

Twin Tales—Are All Men Alike? and *The Lost Titian*, by Arthur Stringer (Bobbs-Merrill).

Grey Wolf Stories, by Bernard Sexton (Macmillan).

Timely Truths on Human Health, by Simon Louis Katzoff, M. D. (Co-Operative Pub. C.).



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"That any person who wilfully or for profit shall infringe any copyright secured by this act, or who shall knowingly and wilfully aid or abet such infringement shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by imprisonment for not exceeding one year, or by a fine of not less than \$100 nor more than \$1,000, or both, in the discretion of the Court."

THIS warning is printed on the flyleaf of Drinkwater's "Oliver Cromwell." After reading the play, we think that the penalty is much too light.

Anyone concerned in the production, or attending a second performance, should be punished with a fine of at least fifty thousand dollars and imprisoned (with hard labor) for not less than forty years.

Oliver Herford.



Orator: This 'ere Gover'ment is like the hostrich rushin' blindly forward with 'is 'ead 'idden in the sand.

—Reproduced from Punch (London) by arrangement with its proprietors.

LIFE

The Menace of Anthologies

THE name of the first man who made an anthology is not recorded. It has been obliterated by the shifting sands of obscurity, but the shame of it is immortal. Yet this shame, which grows in volume with each succeeding generation, is not enough to keep others from imitating him. Thus we have Gems from the Bible, all the worst things that Homer or Chaucer or Dickens ever wrote compiled in handy volumes, that can be placed in any convenient pocket to seduce the mind of the guileless possessor. We have all the stupidest short stories of each twelve-month, the dullest plays, the most footless epigrams, gathered together by a literary efficiency monster, who is too lazy to attempt to do any really original work for himself, and whose chief stock in trade is to play upon the labor saving passions of as many victims as he can cajole. Every device known to the huckster has been employed for this purpose. We are confronted on every side with masterpieces from English literature, each one cut and trimmed to suit the most jaded appetite; and the book-shelves reek with posies of poetry and bird's-eye views of whole epochs—Victorian, Mid-Victorian, Renaissance, Attic and epic and gastronomical.

No man of any genuine sensitiveness or discrimination could ever get up an anthology, because he could never bring himself to the ignoble process of lacerating the work of any great author; he would be too humble to trust his own judgment, too just to mutilate the whole, too honest to serve up something counterfeit by virtue of its being incomplete. Think of passing the better part of one's time in emasculating some masterpiece, in order to appeal to one of the lowest tastes—that for getting something for nothing.

Let those enterprising gentlemen who have a genius for compilation get up all the collections they want—of epitaphs, of conundrums, of anecdotes, of murders and last recorded sayings. But spare us, we beseech thee, from selections torn out of the living tissue of the immortals.

T. L. M.

Amenities

MOLLIE came home after a visit for the afternoon with five-year-old Nellie.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "Nellie was rude and cross all the afternoon. She just quarreled and quarreled!"

"Well," said mother, "if a little girl had treated me that way when I was a little girl, I should have come home."

"Well, I didn't," said Mollie. "I just slapped her face and stayed."

More Opera Synopses

(Continued from page 11)

Schmurr, hear the sound of reminiscence coming from the rock and stop in their march to sing a hymn of praise for the drying up of the crops. They do not recognize Immerglück, as she has her hair done differently, and think that she is a beggar girl selling pencils.

In the meantime, Ragel, the paper-cutter of the gods, has fashioned himself a sword on the forge of Schmalz, and has called the weapon "Assistance-in-Emergency." Armed with "Assistance-in-Emergency" he comes to earth, determined to slay the Iron Duck and carry off the beautiful Irma.

But Frimsel overhears the plan and has a drink brewed which is given to Ragel in a golden goblet and which, when drunk, makes him forget his past and causes him to believe that he is Schnorr, the God of Fun. While laboring under this spell, Ragel has a funeral pyre built on the summit of a high mountain and, after lighting it, climbs on top of it with a mandolin which he plays until he is consumed.

Immerglück never marries.

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